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SIXPENCE.

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A TRIO OF FAMOUS FRENCH LEADERS AT THE FRONT: GENERALISSIMO JOFFRE, GENERAL D'URBAL, AND GENERAL FOCH.

General Joffre is in the centre. General Foch is on the right of the photograph; General d'Urbal is on the left. As to the French Generalissimo, there is no need for us to tell our readers of his activities and his military genius: he has proved them over and over again. General Foch, who was mentioned by Sir John French recently as one of those whose help and support he had "once more gratefully to acknowledge," is the Commander of the French Armies of the North. He it was who taught, at the Ecole

de Guerre, the new strategy and tactics our Ally's officers have put to such splendid use. At the outbreak of the war he fought in Lorraine, and, later, at the Battle of the Marne; now he is called "The Man of Ypres." He is sixty-four. General d'Urbal is fifty-six. Since the end of August last, he has risen from Brigadier to his present rank. He it was who commanded the new army collected to assist the Belgians in extending the Allied line to the ocean, when the great race for the North Sea began.

THE ARMoured-CAR SECTION OF THE R.N.A.S.:

A MOTTO AND ITS MEANING.

IF any Germans in East Africa should take a stroll through its jungles, there are many unpleasant kinds of animals that they would hope to avoid, and none more than the leopard and the rhino. If any Germans should take a stroll in Flanders, there are many inventions they would hope to avoid, and none more than the light and heavy armoured cars of the R.N.A.S., the leopard and the rhino of the Allied Forces. The one, with the lightning rush in and as quickly out again, pounces upon the enemy, here, there, and everywhere, spitting and snarling with Maxim-fire all the time; the other, with ambling ponderousness, goes into the fray grunting a broadside of shells, perhaps the most alarming-looking thing that moves, the epitome of persistent ferociousness.

And what of their sides, spotted with the mystic sign "R.N.A.S.," which, being interpreted, means the Royal Naval Air Service? The riddle of this amphibious sign should be answered in these days of "helpful criticism," for the whys and the wherefores have been much exercised upon it, and wasted much energy that might have been expended in the making of munitions.

Now the answer to the riddle will be found in the epic of the ancient war-chariot brought up to date: after many years, Achilles once again is able to chase Hector round the walls of Troy and Boadicea, to go thundering through the ranks of the enemy. The romance of the old-time battlefield is found again.

The honour of being the pioneers of the motor-chariot is due to the gallant Belgian Army, which, from the very beginning, harried the German advance morning, noon, and night with Maxim and rifle fire from motor-cars.

Then it was the turn of the English Army to retreat, and there is many a junior officer in our cavalry who thanks his stars that the handy-man of the Royal Naval Air Service hastily improvised some armoured cars and came to his rescue, saving many a cavalryman's life from the fatal ambush.

There are many unenviable jobs for the soldier in warfare, but few more so than to have been ordered to take out a patrol and get into touch with the enemy during the early days of this war. The only possible advance for the mounted patrol was, in many cases, along the roads—nice, straight, long roads with *paré*, slippery for a galloping horse, and fenced along the edges with barbed wire, and with many a cottage dotted along the roadside, in which the Germans hid themselves by fifties, and lurked there ready to ambush the patrol at close range. As you came, so had you to retire, along that nice, straight, slippery road, an un-deviating target for the enemy for, perhaps, a long mile. And there were farmhouses, too, which you had to go and reconnoitre, where the Germans waited for you, and your casualties mounted higher and higher. There was no honour to be found there, and no revenge either, for the enemy had often left by the time the supports came up. So the cavalryman was glad when he met the man of the R.N.A.S., and was not ashamed to say, "After you, Schür," for it is the duty of the patrol to find the enemy and not to be killed. And the man of the R.N.A.S. was glad too, for the German bullets ricocheted off his armour and went humming harmlessly away; and the German marksmen, if they did not leave early—well, a Maxim is a nasty thing if you leave late and in a hurry.

To the inventive and adaptable mind of the Royal Naval Air Service was this good work due; so that is the reason why—and a very proper reason too—the armoured cars bear upon their sides the mystic sign "R.N.A.S."

And one may suppose, since these facts were well known "out there," that the doings of the Armoured-Car section of the R.N.A.S. are to be found written in "the book of the Chronicles"; but if you ask, "What honour and dignity has been done to Mordecai for this?" the answer would be, "There is nothing done for him."

Instead, the Armoured Cars sit in sackcloth at the Official Gate, disliked by the Military Authorities, for they belong to the Sister Service; despised by the Naval Authorities, because they are confined to service on shore; and so they have taken unto themselves for their motto: "When the enemy hates us as much as our friends—All's Well."

However, in spite of the red tape and cold-shouldering, the armoured cars are now a magnificent Division. The few cars of those early days have grown into a large fleet, and hastily improvised armour has given place to an armoured car perfected down to every smallest detail. The men are picked men, and their prowess is the talk of many a camp from Gallipoli and Flanders to German West Africa. You will find them always ready for any danger and any difficulty, from man-handling their cars across a South-West African desert to building a bridge across our front-line trenches under the heaviest Turkish fire for their cars to lead the advance.

It is due to the late First Lord of the Admiralty that the country now possesses this splendid force. His foresight and intuitive grasp of essential facts enabled him to see the necessity of such a force immediately the reports from the front began to come in, and it is one of his great merits that when there is a need he stops not to fumble with the knots of red tape, but cuts them with his hanger. Probably many others recognised the necessity for the cars, but everyone was too busy to attend to the matter—alas! it is a national characteristic of our leaders to be cumbered with much serving and many pigeon-holes in their offices. And when it had been decided that there should be a fleet of armoured cars, Mr. Churchill naturally left them in the capable hands of the R.N.A.S. who created them, and gave them encouraging help, instead of waiting till next year while discouraging the *pros* and *cons* of the constituent authority. He did not forget that we were at war.

The expansion of our fleet of armoured cars received a further impetus from the great success the Russian armies obtained with their armoured cars in their alternate retreats and advances, so that now our fleet is a mobile force for Home Defence of the greatest value, and, at the

same time, has units all over the world wherever they are required.

They "did excellent work" at the battle of Ypres in May—some General in the trenches, perhaps, remembered that Judah could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley because they had chariots of iron. But for the moment they cannot be used very often with the British Expeditionary Force, engaged as it is in the grimmet of trench warfare, and this has given the malcontents an opportunity to cry out that the cars should all be scrapped. It would be almost as sensible to suggest that Jellicoe should be retired and the Battle Fleet scrapped.

But when that great avenging day shall come, and the Germans stand not upon the order of their going, then the Allies will rejoice in the Armoured-Car Fleet that wisdom, foresight, and patience has placed in their hands.

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THE GREAT WAR.

By CHARLES LOWE.

EACH week's chronicle of the war may be said to fall under two heads: events and revelations—or things that happened within the week, and others which occurred before but have only now been brought to light. To the former category, among other things, belonged Mr. Lloyd George's settlement of the Welsh Coal Strike, which was in the nature of a peace-victory no less important and renowned than one in war, and which had the effect of placing another feather in the cap of the wonderful man whose headpiece is already pretty thickly studded with triumphal plumes.

The King himself, in conformity with constitutional practice, does not go to the front, leaving his gallant son and heir to take his place there and arouse the enthusiasm of our troops by the simple arts of his warlike ancestor of Agincourt—

For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.

But it may truly be said that, in spending his time paying constant visits of naval, military, and industrial inspection, George V. is doing even more to help forward the cause of his country—his Empire—than his progenitor George II., who was the last of our Sovereigns to go forth to battle—at Dettingen, on the German Main—at the head of his forces, and to win the battle too.

But with regard to revelations as distinguished from happenings, perhaps the most interesting of the week was that made at the annual general meeting of the Marconi Company—where one would have been more inclined to expect solid dividends than sensational disclosures—that at 5 p.m. on Aug. 4 last (the day on which our ultimatum to the German Government was to expire at midnight) a wireless message was sent forth from Berlin to all the Empire's merchant shipping: "War declared upon England. Make as quickly as you can for a neutral port." Not "by," but "upon," England, which was the whole point of the argument—and a fine example of the policy of taking time by the forelock.

Moreover, if there had been any lingering doubt as to the hostile intentions of Germany—her fixed determination to pick a quarrel with us—it would be dispelled by the other revelation by General Botha, speaking on the strength of documentary evidence which he recently acquired in Damaraland, that, as early as 1913, Germany was intriguing with Maritz and other Boer traitors; and that, before the war, the Kaiser replied to a query from his representative at Windhoek: "I will not only acknowledge the independence of South-West Africa, but I will even guarantee it provided the rebellion is started immediately."

But by this time the Kaiser's guarantee had become as worthless as a dishonoured bill—hence also the emphatic refusal of the Italians to accept the promissory note of the German Government with respect to the territorial concessions offered them by the Austrians at the end of the war as the price of their neutrality. In fact, all German bonds of this kind have now been marked "Not negotiable" on every political Bourse of Europe.

But apart from such revelations and minor happenings throughout the various theatres of war, the chief centre of public interest continued to be Warsaw, and for the simple reason that interest is ever the result of uncertainty, as in the case, for example, of a horse-race or a murder trial. A military murder grim and great, on a colossal scale, continues to develop on the plains of Poland—perhaps the most decisive thing of its kind since Napoleon's catastrophic attempt to impose his will on Russia. Can Hindenburg succeed where Bonaparte failed? Not in the long run certainly, but possibly to the extent of his raising the Kaiser's standard over the citadel at Warsaw, of thus securing the key to all the railway communications of Russia, and of hanging up the final issue of the war for a long, long time.

Railways make all the difference. In Napoleon's time, had there been a double, or even single, track line from Memel to Moscow, there would have been no tremendous tragedy of the Grand Army such as culminated in the tardy return to life and liberty of Heine's immortal "Two Grenadiers." The policy of luring the Satanic Corsican and his Grand Army of half-a-million men into the heart of Russia—there to be annihilated, not by bullet and bayonet, but by the iciest blasts of Boreas—was the suggestion of Barclay de Tolly in the shire of Aberdeen, a Scot of the fourth generation settled in Russia, who, differing from most of his Caledonian congeners, preferred the cautious strategy of Fabius Cunctator to the headlong valour of Highland swordsmen.

The retirement of the Russian forces of Alexander I. in face of the advancing Grand Army of Napoleon was calculated, deliberate, and intended to lure the Corsican to his doom—though the same strategic principles do not apply to a world of railways. If the Grand Duke imitates the strategy of Barclay de Tolly, it will be because such a policy shall have been imposed upon him by Hindenburg and Mackensen, and not of his own choosing, as in the case of the Scots-Russian whose ancestral "canniness" had survived the Slavofying influences of several generations to the extent of his declining to meet the victor of Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland on his own terms. "Pas si bête," said Barclay de "Towie"—the local pronunciation of "Tolly"—with the result that a statue now stands on the Nevsky Prospect of Petrograd to the memory of the Scots-Russian Prince who saved his country from the danger to which it is now again, if in a lesser, if not perhaps even a greater, degree, exposed.

Otherwise, in Flanders, save for an occasional exchange of long-range shells, it almost looked as if an armistice had set in, or as if the combatants were too engrossed in watching the course of events in Poland to have any taste for the continuation of hostilities themselves. From all our other special theatres of war—the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora, the Persian Gulf—the bulletins were as favourable to our hopes as they were flattering to our pride. But as for Warsaw—well, we must wait and see.

LONDON: JULY 27, 1915.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I PURPOSE to devote my rapidly approaching dotage to the composition of a Primer of Controversy for the use of Pacifists, Jingos, Germans, Materialists, Christian Scientists, and all others who stand in need of elementary training in the matter. The science has some points of similarity to the science of war, and may possibly share a revival of interest. There is the difficulty of deployment, or bringing all the facts and arguments into line, so that they all tell at once. There is the danger of being cut off from one's base, or, in other words, forgetting what one said at the beginning and flatly contradicting it at the end—a manoeuvre much in favour among the Advanced, especially of the feminine variety. And even the principle which makes a General avoid, when possible, offering battle with inferior forces at any given spot and time (whatever his ultimate reserve of strength may be) has its parallel in the art of controversy.

That parallel might be stated thus: "Never, however strong you may consider your case as a whole, go out of your way to challenge a particular comparison with something that in itself is stronger than you." The classic instance was the strategic blunder of the Suffragettes, in publicly comparing themselves with things much more beautiful than themselves; such as the English Prayer-Book and the pictures in the National Gallery. My friends of the *Continental Times*, the American-German paper, need this advice very badly. Their style, at the best, is florid; and they suffer all the minor disadvantages attending those who write in a language they have never learnt. But they need not make their deformed and overdressed English seem more deformed and more overdressed by sharply comparing it with a very fine piece of writing, which happens (if only by an accident of its historical period) to be both very English and very restrained. They publish a thing which they call "a New Declaration of Independence"; that is, they offer it, not only as a pendant, but practically as a sequel, to Jefferson's famous document. The New Declaration begins like this: "Seven score years have elapsed since those great words were forged that welded us into a nation upon many fiery battlefields. In that day the strong voices of strong men rang across the world, their molten words flamed with light and their arms broke the visible chains of an intolerable bondage. But now in the red reflex of the glare cast from the battlefields of Europe, the invisible manacles that have been cunningly laid upon our freedom have become shamefully apparent. They rattle in the ears of the world."

Well, I suppose they would call it a matter of taste. But there have been people who wrote rather differently, so far as I vaguely remember. "When, in the course of human events, it has been found necessary for one people to sever the bonds that have hitherto bound it to another, a decent respect for the opinion of mankind..." Some readers may know the words better than I do; and it is for them to estimate the parallel. For me, when I recall them, however vaguely, I know in all my bones that the thing we call *style* is not a flourish or a varnish; but is a thing virile and fit for men. Style is in the inside of a man, and not on the outside. And after all legitimate reactions and jokes about cherry-trees, the Revolution that made America was a thing in the grand style. American rebellion was more dignified than German order. The riot of Boston was more classical than the repose of Berlin. The Americans dressed up as Red Indians and threw tea about: but a decent respect for the opinion of mankind prevented them from writing about red reflexes.

They did not load a great public document with more metaphors than it could carry; and they would have been puzzled to discover how a red reflex could have the effect of rattling a manacle, even an invisible one. And that decent respect to which I have already referred would have prevented them from agitating "the ears of the world" with such stuff. The ears of the world are not so long as all that.

All these German appeals seem to ignore one fact: that to look cunning is to be clumsy. If the journalists of Berlin wished really to bamboozle democracies like the American, the French, or even the Scotch, they ought to have begun long ago. As it is,



THE FRENCH RED CROSS IN LONDON: PRESIDENT MME. LA VICOMTESSE LOUIS DE LA PANOUSE; WITH HER DAUGHTER.

The work of the London committee of the Croix Rouge is far-reaching, incessant, and increasing, and the Society is fortunate in having so capable and untiring a President as the Vicomtesse Louis de la Panouse, who is assisted by Mlle. de la Panouse, her daughter. The Vicomtesse Louis de la Panouse is Military Attaché at the French Embassy in London, and was married to the Vicomtesse in 1893. The Vicomtesse is a C.V.O., and, with the Vicomtesse, very popular in Society.—[Photograph by "The Illustrated London News."]

everyone knows perfectly well that Berlin is not in favour of democracy, either in practice or (to do it justice) in theory. There is a rationally tenable case for destroying democracy; and Prussia has promptly and punctually used every single opportunity to destroy it. Nor will the German apologists be any more successful with the five or six other abrupt and belated enthusiasms which have appeared in them, for the first time, and only in the new experience of doubt and defeat. Nobody will believe that the beaten bullies of the Kulturkampf are distraught about the invisible perils of the Pope; or that the gaolers of Cardinal Mercier are the emancipators of Catholicism. Nobody will believe that Prussians have any feelings about Irishmen, except an abstract envy of the chances of treating them as they have treated their co-religionists, the Poles. Nobody can believe that any Irishman would put up with any Prussian for twenty minutes, if he could get a Malay

or a Red Indian instead. Nobody can believe that the despoilers of Denmark and France were horrified when English troops rode into Johannesburg, or that Colonial filibustering on a small scale seemed shocking to the chief historical exponents of Continental filibustering on a large scale. Nobody can believe that the only friend of Abdul the Damned, the only ally of the Bashi-Bazouks, is pained at our employment of Eastern troops; except in the sense in which he is, doubtless, pained at our employment of any troops. Nobody can believe he believes in Islam when he thinks of Constantinople, and in Romanism when he thinks of Rome; or that his appeal to both of them can be anything but a desperate bid for safety. By

the way, a fancy I once suggested in an avowedly ridiculous romance has actually been carried out in sober German reality: the combination in one symbol of the Crescent and the Cross. I suggested that it should be called the Croscient. But I do not much mind what it is called; nor have I the least objection to the German professors broadening their minds till they are as broad and dry and empty as the deserts of Arabia. I do not mind their emblem including the Crescent: it is the Cross they have no right to include.

There is nothing dangerous in any of these things. The only way in which the barbarian cunning can possibly succeed in weakening Christendom is somewhat as follows. The military operations are very large and very long; the average mind has a great difficulty in containing all of them. It is as if four or five mathematical dons from Cambridge were not only working out a geometrical problem that nobody else could follow, but were working it out with a circle as large as Yorkshire and a tangent longer than the Pennine Chain. In these circumstances, there descends on a multitude of minds a quite irrational but quite human feeling, to which charlatans and hirelings give all sorts of fanciful forms, but which in its real nature simply amounts to the sentiment "Oh Lord, this will never end!" It is quite irrational, for, as they admittedly do not understand the proposition, it may end any minute. The Germans seek to turn it into a confused conception that Germany is unconquerable. If they may extort the admission that we cannot beat them, they will be content to agree that they cannot beat us; and they will call it a compromise to cling only to half of their ill-gotten gains. The test case is the port of Antwerp. It is of all things the thing they are not to have; the one thing which in European morality they should not have; the one thing which in British policy they must not have. It is also, of course, the one thing they want to have. But even the maddest of them

cannot even dream of having it, unless they can fill civilian minds with a vague notion that full vengeance and redemption are now impossible. They could not dream even of this if they were not supported in their counsels of despair by some of the professional pessimists.

Even in treason there is honesty and dishonesty. The comparatively honest traitor is he who hopes, and sometimes says, that the enemy must prevail. Intemperate individuals have said it here and there in England; and, being comparatively harmless, have been sent to prison. But there are some people who have not even the courage of pessimism, and dare not tell us that the Germans must win. But they do tell us (for all practical purposes) that the English must fail: and this is quite as much of a lie, and one more useful to the enemy.

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AT THE DARDANELLES: SHELLING; GRENADE-MAKING; THE R.A.M.C.; CREMATING TURKISH DEAD; ARMOURD CARS.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE CENTRAL NEWS ON BEHALF OF THE PRESS BUREAU.



SHELLING THE ENEMY OVER THE ALLIED TRENCHES: A FRENCH FIELD-PIECE IN ACTION BEHIND OUR LINES—SHOWING THE IMMENSE QUANTITY OF AMMUNITION USED.



HAND-GRENADE MAKING IN CAMP WITH DISCARDED JAM AND TOBACCO TINS: MEN FILLING THE TINS WITH BITS OF BURST TURKISH SHELLS AND SCRAPS OF BARBED WIRE FROM THE ENEMY'S CAPTURED ENTANGLEMENTS.



THE R.A.M.C. AT WORK AMONG FOES AND FRIENDS ALIKE: LIEUT.-COL. H. G. PARKER, COMMANDING THE 1/1ST EAST LANCES. FIELD AMBULANCE, ATTENDING TO WOUNDED TURKISH PRISONERS.



IN THE COMMON INTERESTS OF BOTH SIDES: ONE OF THE GRIMMER ASPECTS OF WARFARE—CREMATING THE BODIES OF TURKS FALLEN ON THE BATTLEFIELD, TO LEEWARD OF THE ALLIED LINES.



BELONGING TO A CORPS WHOSE DARING DEEDS UNDER FIRE HELPED TO WIN TWO BATTLES: ARMOURD MOTOR-CARS OF THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR SERVICE SHELTERING IN A "DUG-OUT" GARAGE.

The French artillery, both heavy batteries and lighter "75's," has rendered as good an account of itself against the Turks as, under General Joffre, in Northern France. It has done indispensable service by its tremendous execution in the Turkish trenches when covering infantry attacks. In our first illustration a French gun is seen in action, shelling the enemy at long range, out of sight over the tree-tops. The gun is firing over the heads of men in the trenches, some of whom are seen to the left, near a camp. The pile of used shell cartridge-cases behind the gun-detachment testifies as to the immense quantity of ammunition a continued action requires even with a single gun.—The men in the second illustration are making grenades by filling old jam and tobacco tins with burst Turkish shell-scrap and bits of Turkish barbed wire from destroyed entanglements. The tins are collected in heaps outside the camps. The man on the left is fitting in the contents of a tin; his comrade is chopping strips of barbed wire on an anvil into the short lengths to go inside.—

A decidedly grim aspect of war is evidenced in the fourth illustration—but the measure is unavoidable in the circumstances of the Dardanelles contest. The smoke is from the cremation operations—the burning of the bodies of dead Turks which there is no opportunity of otherwise disposing of. These cremations have to go on incessantly, for the sake of the health of all concerned—friends and foes alike. They take place, according to the direction of the wind, a few hundred yards to leeward of the Allied lines.—The fifth illustration shows two of the Naval Air Service armoured motor-cars garaged under cover from direct fire, in a species of dug-out. On one occasion, as depicted in last week's issue, in the midst of a desperate fight, the cars charged right up to the Turkish attacking columns and routed them with a machine-gun fusillade. On another, the cars went at the Turkish barbed-wire entanglements, grappled them with hooks and chains, and, reversing, dragged away a section 150 yards wide, enabling the infantry to charge through and achieve a notable and important success.

HEROES OF GABA TEPE: COLLECTING AUSTRALIAN WOUNDED.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STAR PHOTO. STUDIO, CAIRO.



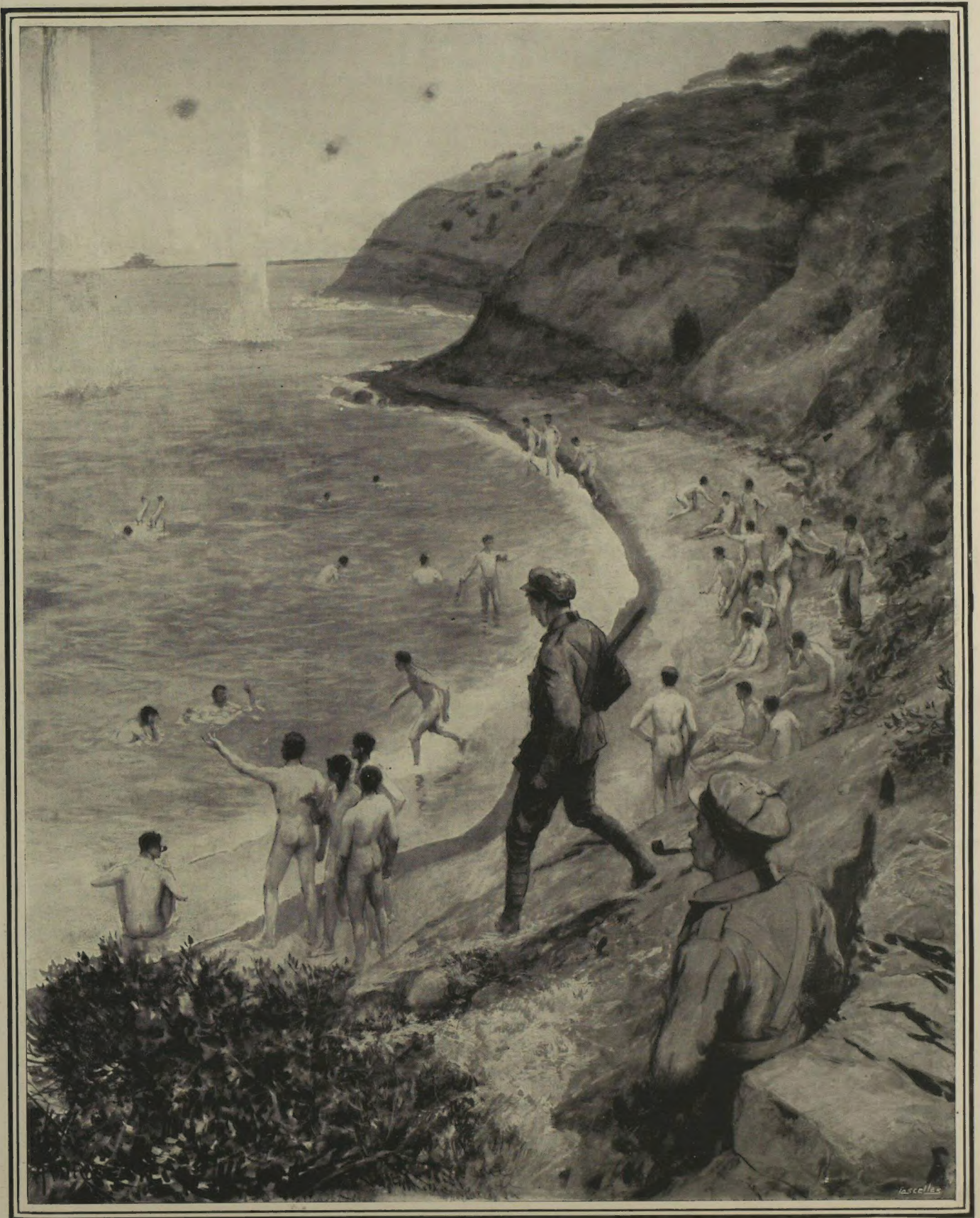
HEROIC SOLDIERS OF THE EMPIRE WHO CHEERED AS THEY WERE TAKEN BACK TO THE SHIPS: TENDING WOUNDED ON THE HEIGHTS OF GABA TEPE AFTER THEY HAD BEEN STORMED BY THE AUSTRALIANS AND NEW ZEALANDERS.

The heroism of the wounded Australians and New Zealanders after their landing at Gaba Tepe, on the Gallipoli Peninsula, gave proof of the magnificent spirit animating the Colonial troops and promise of further gallant deeds on the part of their comrades. In his account of the landing, Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett wrote: "A serious problem was getting away the wounded from the shore, where it was impossible to keep them. All those unable to hobble to the beach had to be carried down from the hills on stretchers, their wounds hastily dressed, and carried to the boats. The boat and beach parties never stopped working throughout the entire day and night. The courage

displayed by these wounded Australians will never be forgotten. Hastily dressed and placed in trawlers, lighters, and ships' boats, they were towed to the ships. I saw some lighters full of bad cases. As they passed the battle-ship, some recognised her as the ship they had left that morning, whereupon, in spite of their sufferings and discomfort, they set up a cheer, which was answered by a deafening shout of encouragement from our crew. I have, in fact, never seen the like of these wounded Australians in war before. . . . They were happy because they knew they had been tried for the first time in the war and had not been found wanting."

BATHING UNDER FIRE: A "TUB" JUST OUTSIDE THE DANGER ZONE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH AND MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



BEYOND REACH OF THE SHELLS BY ONLY A FEW YARDS: MEN OF THE INNISKILLING FUSILIERS BATHING ON THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA AFTER A SPELL IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE ACHI BABA.

Our artist writes: "The British left rests on the sea, and the men, after a spell of trench-work, clamber down the steep nullahs to a little sheltered bay—where they take a refreshing and well-earned dip in comparative safety. The safety-zone only stretches a little way, however, and outside this, occasionally, columns of water, flung up by shells, denote the danger-mark. While the men bathe they can see the ships in the distance

bombarding the Turks—and now and again shells plop into the water, and the dull boom of the guns rumbles on the while they sport in the water." A similar scene was described in one of the accounts, by an official correspondent, of the landing of the Australians and New Zealanders at Gaba Tepe. These Colonials, he says, are extraordinarily cool under fire.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

TAKEN DURING A CAVALRY CHARGE ON FOOT.



WHEN THE FRENCH DRAGOONS WERE ADVANCING BY "LEAPS" OF THIRTY METRES: A GERMAN SHELL BURSTING BETWEEN TWO LINES OF THE TROOPS.

This very remarkable photograph was taken by a French dragoon while advancing against the enemy. It shows a German shell bursting between two lines of dragoons, and killing two of them, while the men were charging on foot, with bayonets fixed, by "leaps" of

thirty metres. It is all the more interesting, from the technical point of view, in that when it was taken the weather was dull and it was raining—a fact, we need hardly remind our readers, which is not conducive to the best photography.

PEPPERED WITH SHELL-CRATERS: A BATTLE-GROUND FROM THE AIR.



PITTED WITH SHELL-HOLES: FIGHTING-LINES IN FLANDERS PHOTOGRAPHED BY AN AIRMAN;
SHOWING THE MAZE OF ZIG-ZAG TRENCHES.

Looking down from the average height at which an airman-scout cruises, 7000 to 8000 feet, the ground appears like a map. Its details are made up of various colours, green where there are grass fields; yellow patches of corn fields; white, ribbon-like strips indicating roads; gleaming spaces marking ponds and rivers; and long, shining lines, for the railways. That is what one ordinarily sees in a cross-country flight. The above view, taken from an aeroplane over the fighting front in Flanders, shows additional details—the irregularly shaped, dark zig-zags of the trench-salients and re-entrants, the trenches and fortifications

round farm-buildings or villages, and, in particular—a feature of the airmen's view that compels attention—the queer, pitted look of the surface, peppered over, as it were, by heavy, high-explosive shell-holes, the crater-like cavities made in the ground where howitzer-projectiles of the "Jack Johnson" order have been dropped. Our photograph emphasises the extraordinary appearance of such a bombarded district in a realistically interesting manner. To the upper left-centre a shell fired at the airman-photographer is seen bursting well below the aeroplane.

A NOCTURNE ON THE ROAD TO WARSAW IN SILVER AND GOLD ON BLACK.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY A CORRESPONDENT WITH THE RUSSIANS.



NIGHT-FIGHTING—ONE OF THE SPLENDID SPECTACLES OF WAR: THE RUSSIANS ENGAGING

In the note accompanying this remarkable picture, it is said: "Night-fighting is one of the splendid spectacles of war. Flashing batteries, wavering lines of musketry and machine-gun fire, make a picture painted in silver and gold on a background of black. The moon shines behind the grey clouds, shedding a soft radiance just strong enough to shape the shadows. On the western horizon flash after flash of fire springs out of the darkness. These are the distant German guns. Nearer to us the Russian batteries are firing, each piece cutting a red dash of flame into the blackness before its muzzle. Suddenly, a blazing rocket shoots up into the heavens and bursts into a shower of silver stars. As they fall slowly, the country beneath is lighted in high relief. It reveals the unending line of caissons that carry an uninterrupted flow of ammunition to the batteries and trenches. A caisson is up-ended in a ditch. Darkness again, and then in the very centre of the picture, high against the sky, appears a bold red ball of fire. In a twinkling it dies, only to be followed by three

THE ENEMY IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE POLISH CAPITAL, TWICE BESET BY THE ENEMY.

more. These are German shrapnel, bursting too high to do much damage. A long arm of searchlight shoots across the heavens, bringing tree and house, fence and road into clear outline. Irresolutely it wanders over the plain as if seeking something it cannot find. At last it drops its shining beam into a ravine and holds it there. Here tiny flashes, that at a distance look like suddenly struck matches, break out of the darkness. Sparks run in a right line that indicate the position of the trenches. Another line of sparks comes into being which looks but a span beyond. This is a battalion of advancing enemy. Suddenly a ribbon of flame cuts across the shadow and sharp echoes of a machine-gun bite into the night air. With the fighting at the highest tide, the light of the different flashes fade into each other. The shells of the Russian guns and the German burst with reports that blend."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

MODERN MUNITIONS OF WAR: III.—POISON-GAS AND INCENDIARY BOMBS.

BY PROFESSOR VIVIAN B. LEWES.

THERE are many gases known which are irrespirable. Some, like carbon dioxide, nitrogen, and hydrogen, act merely in the same way as water would do by cutting off the oxygen supply, which is a necessity to life, from the lungs, but have no toxic action on the system. Other gases, like carbon monoxide and cyanogen, are powerful poisons, less than one per cent. of which in the air will cause death by purely toxic action. Others again, like sulphur dioxide, chlorine, and bromine, may act by producing asphyxiation.

The use of asphyxiating gas is by no means a simple problem. In the first place, the molecules of which gases consist, being free from cohesion, are able to intermingle no matter how different may be their weights—a process known as "diffusion"—so that, unless the gas is very considerably heavier than air, it intermingles with the atmosphere so quickly as to prevent its spreading in a poisonous quantity over any considerable area. No gas, not more than double the weight of air, could be effective in sufficient quantity at the distances between the trenches.

The weight of a gas is represented by its density—that is, how many times it is heavier than hydrogen, the lightest gas known—and in the following table are shown the densities of the various gases suspected of having been used or possible to use, and the relation of their weight to an equal volume of air—

	Density.	Times heavier than air.
Sulphur dioxide	32	2.21
Nitrogen tetroxide	46	3.17
Chlorine	35.5	2.45
Bromine vapour	80	5.53
Phosgene	50.6	3.49

By the laws of diffusion, gases intermingle at a rate which is inversely proportional to the square roots of their densities; but air-currents or wind enormously increase the rate of admixture, so that, with anything like a breeze blowing, it would be impossible to use them successfully; whilst the opportunity for "frightfulness" is, of course, limited by the direction of the wind, so that in Flanders it is only with the wind in the north or a point or two on either side that effective use could be made of them.

During the past few months the prevailing winds have been in the enemy's favour for considerably more than the normal period, and it is to be hoped that during the next few months, with

A BRITISH AIR-BOMB OF SMALL TYPE: SHOWING THE SAFETY-BOLT, DRAWN BEFORE DROPPING, WHICH STARTS THE PROPELLER.

Photo. by Sport and General.

the prevalent wind from the south or south-west, the opportunity of using these gases will be reduced to a minimum.

Many years ago an ancestor of Earl Dundonald suggested that sulphur dioxide should be employed with smoke screens for attacking strong positions—fires fed with tar, pitch, and sulphur, giving dense volumes of smoke combined with the asphyxiating fumes, which could be floated down wind on to the enemy, and under cover of which the attack could be carried out. But England has always declined to adopt any such method of fighting, and even during the early stages of this war, when the idea was again suggested, refused to consider it.

The inhalation of a very small proportion of this gas causes coughing; but if the sufferer escapes from the zone within a reasonable period the effects pass off, and the inhalation of dilute ammoniacal fumes rapidly affords relief. The gas can be easily liquefied by cold or pressure, and one pound of the liquid gives, roughly, five cubic feet of the gas. The liquid sulphur dioxide is being used by the enemy in hand-grenades, which, broken by a small bursting charge, scatter the contents when thrown into the opposition trench, and often contain other volatile irritant bodies besides the sulphur dioxide.

Chlorine, which in all probability is the gas which has been used to the greatest extent, is of a yellowish-green colour. It can be liquefied under a pressure of six atmospheres, and has an insupportable odour. This gas can be made with the greatest ease by

heating a mixture of hydrochloric acid and black oxide of manganese, but it is now produced in large quantities in certain electrolytic processes, from which it can be collected and liquefied, the liquid being stored in lead-lined steel cylinders closed by a valve.

In such a cylinder the gas above the liquid exercises a pressure of at least 90 lb. on the square inch, so that if a cylinder containing it be fitted with a tube which passes down into the liquid, and is provided at its exit from the cylinder with a valve, on opening the valve the liquid is blown out in the form of a spray, which at atmospheric pressure instantly assumes the gaseous form, and it is in this way that it has been chiefly used. It is reported, however, that where the German trenches are of a more or less permanent character, broad tubes with valves at



A GERMAN INCENDIARY BOMB DROPPED DURING ONE OF THE AIR-RAIDS ON THIS COUNTRY: THE BURNT-OUT SHELL.

Photo. by Sport and General.

intervals are laid a few feet in front of the trenches with the openings pointed towards the Allies, the trunk tubes being connected with a gas-holder and chlorine plant situated in a sheltered spot some little distance away, so that the mere opening of the valves sets free a flood of gas without the disturbing influence of the cooling effect produced when gas is liberated from a cylinder of compressed liquid. The yellow colour of the gas employed has been a marked feature of all the more serious gas attacks, but it must be remembered that either chlorine or nitrogen tetroxide would give very much this effect, although the latter would be browner in colour.

Nitrogen tetroxide constitutes the fumes formed during the action of nitric acid on various substances in contact with air, and can be liquefied at temperatures below 26 deg. C. to a liquid varying in colour with the temperature. Most observers from the front insist that this gas has been largely used; but this seems doubtful, as nitric acid and the oxides of nitrogen play so important a part in the manufacture of explosives that, in spite of the



SHOWING THE WEIGHT OF A GAS—ESSENTIAL TO ITS EFFECTIVENESS IN TRENCH-WARFARE: BROMINE VAPOUR POURED FROM A BOTTLE; HOW THE HEAVY GAS FALLS, AS IT WOULD FROM A TRENCH-CREST BEFORE BEING BLOWN TOWARDS THE ENEMY BY THE WIND.

large quantities of nitric acid made by electrical processes from atmospheric nitrogen, the enemy cannot spare much for this purpose.

Only two liquid elements are known, mercury and bromine; and the latter, which is closely allied to chlorine in all its properties, becomes a vapour at atmospheric temperatures, and boils at 59 deg. C. Germany produces practically the whole European supply from traces of magnesium bromide found in the great salt-mines at Stassfurt. It is a reddish-brown liquid, and gives a vapour of the same colour.

The question of whether England should retaliate in kind is a very open one. The element of surprise is needed to make gas attacks successful, and inasmuch as we have not the remotest chance of surprising the Germans, who expect and are prepared for retaliation, it is far better to keep our hands clean, and fight the same straight fight that has always pulled us through.

A form of poisoning used by the enemy has been the use of amorphous phosphorus in the shrapnel shells used partly for the marking of ranges. Amorphous phosphorus is a violet-brown powder, largely used in the composition on safety-match boxes, and differs widely from yellow phosphorus in that it is non-poisonous and inflammable only at a temperature that converts it into the inflammable yellow form. A small cartridge of this included in the 18-pounder shell is converted by the heat of explosion into the ordinary variety, which burns, giving a dense white fume of phosphorus pentoxide, which marks the position of the bursting shell by day and has conferred upon this type of shell the name of "woolly bear," and a flame which performs the same marking function by night. When, however, a fragment of such a shell inflicts a wound the phosphorus poisons it and serious complications ensue.

Probably the phase of "frightfulness" that interests the British public as much as any are the bombs dropped by aeroplanes and Zeppelins, of which several distinct varieties are in use.

The British Air Service during this war have used the "Marten Hale bomb," and the execution they have wrought in their numerous and brilliant raids speaks well for the construction of these deadly instruments. The bombs are of two types—shrapnel and high explosive.

The former carries an explosive charge of 4 lb. 2½ oz. of trinitrotoluene, and 321 steel balls, which, with fragments of the shell, will often give over 1000 pieces propelled on bursting with enormous force. The latter type, designed for dropping on war-ships and fortified positions, where structural damage is the important effect, carries an explosive charge of 6 lb. of T.N.T.

Besides these, incendiary bombs are used, which differ somewhat from those used by the enemy, and which, for manifest reasons, cannot be discussed.

The incendiary bombs used by the Germans consist of an outer skin wound round with tarred rope, and containing a charge composed of a mixture of very finely divided aluminium and oxide of iron, which, when ignited, develops an enormous amount of heat owing to the combination of the oxygen of the oxide of iron with the aluminium.

This mixture is known in trade as "thermit," and was successfully introduced for practical use by Goldschmidt in 1898; it is now largely used for welding rails and other iron and steel structures, and also for repairing castings—indeed, for any purpose for which intense local heating is desired. In many of these bombs there is a layer of amorphous phosphorus at the base, which, converted into phosphorus vapour by the heat of the thermit reaction, burns with a rush of poisonous flame, igniting everything around, giving burns which, if not fatal, are poisoned and most difficult to get to heal, and also producing a cloud of fumes of phosphorus pentoxide.



WITH AN OUTER SKIN OF HEMP: A GERMAN INCENDIARY BOMB DROPPED IN ENGLAND, AND EXTINGUISHED BY BEING PLACED IN A PAIL OF WATER.

Photo. by Sport and General.

IN THE FRENCH FIGHTING-LINE:
REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FRONT.



A PIPER AND A FLAUTIST OF FRANCE: THE BOMBARDE AND THE BINIOU OF BRITTANY IN USE BY A TERRITORIAL REGIMENT.

To incite the fervent patriotism of his men to the highest possible pitch, by specially appealing to homeland sounds and sentiments, the Colonel of a French regiment of Territorials from Brittany has added to its marching band two of the ancient national musical instruments of the Breton race—the "Biniou," a species of flute, and the "Bombarde," a form of the bag-pipes, in pattern very like the Scottish pipes. The latter are decorated, like the bag-pipes of our Highlanders, with streamers—a pair being

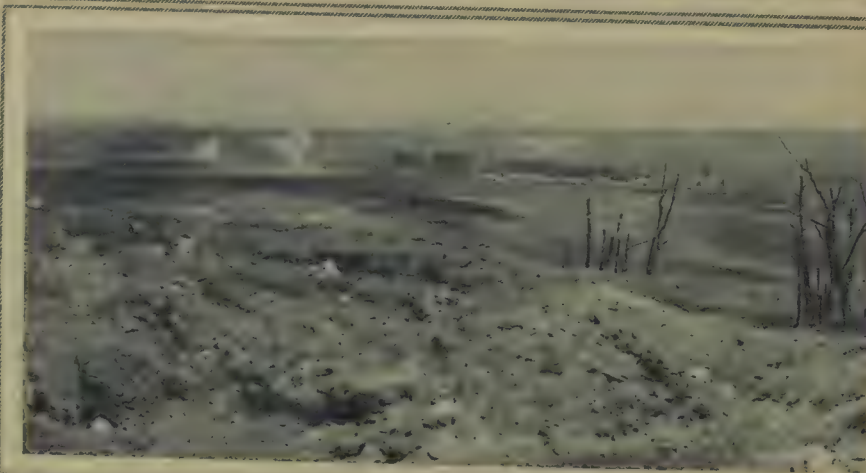
attached, one of the French national tricolour, the other a white ribbon bearing the old Breton provincial heraldic device, an ermine design. Complete success, it is stated, has attended the Colonel's experiment. The plaintive melodies of the instruments, by recalling their homeland, appeal powerfully to the nature of the Bretons. The regiment has repeatedly drawn attention to itself for its intrepid bearing on the battlefield, and has been specially "mentioned" in Army Orders.

WHERE THE LONG STRUGGLE CONTINUES, WITH GRENADES AND AIR-TORPEDOES: DEVASTATION "NORTH OF ARRAS."



FRENCH TERRITORY RECONQUERED FROM THE GERMANS NORTH OF ARRAS: SHOWING THE WRECKED CHURCH

BESIDES showing vividly the havoc and devastation caused by the war in the French countryside, these photographs illustrate successive stages in the great French victory north of Arras. After capturing the heights and fort of Notre Dame de Lorette, it will be remembered, the French carried by assault the village of Carency, which the Germans had strongly fortified, on the night of May 12, after long and desperate fighting. On June 1 an official message issued in Paris stated: "Our troops have now entirely conquered Ablain St. Nazaire. On May 28, the division which had previously captured Carency again did magnificent work. They made a bayonet-charge through the cemetery, which had been fortified, every tombstone being raised and placed upright in the ground. Our charge, however, was too much for the Germans, who soon surrendered. Four hundred of them, including seven officers, ran towards us, holding up their hands and dodging their own artillery, which fired at them. During the night and early morning, the rest of the village lying behind the cemetery was carried, and we found a large amount of ammunition and food. By the afternoon of the 29th all Ablain was in our power. Five hundred German bodies were found in the ruins, and we captured 500 prisoners and 14 machine-guns."



WHERE THE GERMANS HAVE USED ASPHYXIATING SHELLS: A PANORAMIC VIEW FROM SOUCHEZ, THE WOODS ROUND THE CHÂTEAU DE



ABLAIN ST. NAZAIRE AND CARENCY SEEN FROM THE SOUCHEZ SPUR—OF ABLAIN ON THE LEFT.



THE EASTERN SLOPE OF THE SOUCHEZ SPUR—SHOWING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) CARLEUL, AND THE SITE OF THE SUGAR-REFINERY.

THE view shown in the lower photograph stretches from Souchez on the left past the wood surrounding the château of Carleul to the famous sugar-refinery which has been the scene of so much bloodshed. Finally, a French official *communiqué* of June 1 said: "The violent fights of which the Souchez sugar-refinery has been the theatre for two days past have ended in our favour. We captured the refinery. The enemy re-took it during the night, but we drove him from it at dawn and remained masters of the position, notwithstanding all counter-attacks." On June 17 another *communiqué* stated: "We gained a footing in the park of the Carleul Château, whose moats, full of water, have served as a base to the enemy's defences. We captured the Souchez Cemetery." After that the struggle for Souchez continued for several weeks without decisive results. A midnight attack by the Germans against the French on July 11 failed, but later the enemy succeeded in reoccupying the cemetery. The Germans in these attacks used asphyxiating shells. A Paris *communiqué* of July 14 mentioned "grenade fighting from trench to trench to the north of the château of Carleul (on the western outskirts of Souchez)," and on the following day it was stated: "To the south of the château of Carleul we carried a line of German trenches."

These photographs, taken from the Souchez Spur of the Lorette heights, show the furthest point to which the great French offensive north of Arras has hitherto penetrated in the direction of Lens. Ablain St. Nazaire is a village lying just west of Souchez, and the famous sugar-refinery is situated between them. Both villages lie slightly south of Notre Dame de Lorette. Ablain and the sugar-refinery were captured by the French some time back, as described above, but the struggle for the village of Souchez itself has continued for several weeks with indecisive results. Latterly the fighting around it has been mainly conducted by artillery, as reported from day to day in the official French *communiqués* from Paris. That of July 8 stated: "To the north of the station of Souchez we made an attack which enabled us to approach the village. We carried a line of German trenches after having

annihilated all the defenders with grenades and pétards, and we made progress beyond. We captured some prisoners and a gun." A *communiqué* of July 19 said: "In Artois the Germans, towards midnight, delivered an attack west and south-west of Souchez on a front of about 1300 yards, but were repulsed"; and, later in the same day: "There was a violent cannonade round Souchez, but no infantry action." On the 20th: "Around Souchez and Neuville St. Vaast, last night was marked by a violent bombardment and some fighting with grenades to the north of the Château of Carleul"; on the 21st: "The struggle is going on with aerial torpedoes and grenades around Souchez. There have, however, been no infantry attacks." In the lower photograph are seen, on the right in the middle distance, the woods around this château.

THE GRASSHOPPER; AND THE TORPEDO OF THE AIR: CURIOUS ENGINES OF WARFARE IN THE FRENCH TRENCHES.



THE CROSS-BOW FOR HURLING EXPLOSIVES: A DEVICE BY WHICH BOMBS ARE THROWN FROM TWENTY TO EIGHTY METRES.



THE TORPEDO-SHELL: A "WINGED" PROJECTILE; AND THE GUN FROM WHICH IT IS FIRED INTO THE ENEMY TRENCHES.

The Great War, and, more particularly, its trench-warfare, have brought into use weapons akin to those used by the ancients, although it is true that the projectiles hurled are far deadlier than, for example, the stones thrown by the ancient Roman catapult, the bolts of the cross-bows, and the arrows of the ordinary bows. The modern catapult for bomb-throwing we have illustrated a number of times. Here we have other devices. The first, called officially "L'Arbalète Lance-Grenade," and, unofficially, "La Sauterelle" (that is, "The Grasshopper"), will throw a bomb anything between twenty and eighty metres. Apropos to it, it may be noted that Carnot, writing in 1812,

noted that it was possible to employ with effect arms used by the ancients and long deemed obsolete. He quoted the cross-bow as a case in point, remarking that, for short distances, its precision was equal to that of the best rifle. The rifle meant was, of course, the rifle of the writer's day—a hundred years ago. Our second illustration deals with the aerial torpedo. The trench-gun shown is a 58 mm., and throws a torpedo-shell, "winged" so that it gyrates and so keeps a straight course. To the body of the shell is fixed a rod which fits into the barrel of the gun. The shell explodes laterally and is calculated to do a very great deal of damage.

ALSACE, FRANCE: THE FRENCH GENERALISSIMO IN CONQUERED TERRITORY.



RECEIVING FLOWERS FROM ALSATIAN GIRLS IN NATIONAL DRESS: GENERAL JOFFRE IN THE PLACE OF MASSEVAUX
(KNOWN TO THE GERMANS AS MASMÜNSTER).

France's great fête-day—the fourteenth of July, the date on which the Bastille fell, in 1789—was marked this year by several significant ceremonies. There was, for example, the removal of the remains of Rouget de Lisle, the composer of the “Marseillaise,” to the Invalides, there to rest near all that was mortal of the great Napoleon.

There was also—and that is still more to be noted—the presence of General Joffre in Alsace, the leader of the French now in the field against the Germans in territory ceded to the enemy after the Franco-German War of 1870-1871. Alsace and Lorraine have never ceased to be French at heart, despite the annexation of 1871, and also despite

[Continued opposite]

THE 14TH IN RECONQUERED ALSACE: JOFFRE IN REGAINED TERRITORY.



"YOU ARE FRENCH, MY CHILDREN; REMAIN FRENCH": GENERAL JOFFRE WELCOMED IN ALSACE
ON FRANCE'S GREAT FÊTE-DAY.

Continued.

the fact that in early times Alsace was a part of the older German Empire, and remained such until the cession of the greater part of Alsace to France, in 1648, by the Peace of Westphalia. The men—and the boys—of Alsace gave General Joffre a great reception on the National Fête Day, to his obvious satisfaction. The visit of the General

was made the occasion of a number of pleasant functions. He reviewed several regiments and conferred decorations upon a number of officers. The General was received enthusiastically in the regained towns, where girls and women, dressed in their national costumes, as shown in one of our photographs, offered flowers to him.

THE CAPTURE OF TRENCHES PHOTOGRAPHED: CHASSEURS IN ACTION.



CLIMBING THE PARAPET OF A GERMAN FIRST-LINE TRENCH THEY HAD CAPTURED, TO ATTACK THE SECOND-LINE TRENCH:
FRENCH CHASSEURS-À-PIED IN ACTION.



AFTER CLEARING THE HEAPED-UP SAND-BAGS OF THE FIRST-LINE TRENCH: THE CHASSEURS-À-PIED CHARGING TOWARDS
THE GERMAN SECOND-LINE TRENCH.

The French Chasseurs-à-Pied hold a place in the French Army analogous to that of our own Rifle Brigade or the "60th," the King's Royal Rifles, or the Italian Bersaglieri, as *corps d'élite*, as "crack" Light Infantry corps. The Chasseurs-à-Pied have, from all accounts, consistently lived up to their historic reputation in the war, as is fully testified to by the constant "citations" in the General Orders, issued by the War Ministry in Paris, of the names of officers and men of the Chasseurs-à-Pied singled out for decorations for heroism in action. The illustrations above show one

of the regiments in battle on the Hauts de Meuse at the Tranchée de Calonne, to the east of the Argonne Forest. The upper photograph shows the Chasseurs in a German trench which they had dashing stormed and captured, clambering over the parapet in order to charge on again and capture a second line of trench beyond. In the second the Chasseurs are seen, after clearing the piled-up sand-bags of the German trench, carrying out their second charge through the enemy's row of obstacles. The white smoke of a German shell which has just exploded is seen in the centre.

With these Illustrations we conclude our series under the heading "In the French Fighting-Line: Remarkable Photographs from the Front."

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. WINTER, F. ROBINSON, LAFAYETTE, RUSSELL, WHITELY, DAWSON, AND LAWRETT WESTON



Capt. Cuthbert Francis Balleine was the third son of the Dean of Jersey. After taking his degree at Oxford he was awarded a senior scholarship for travel and research, and went to Egypt in 1897 as assistant to Dr. Randall Maciver. He was a Fellow and Sub-Rector of Exeter College, a man of high intellectual gifts and a born soldier. Capt. Beverly Ussher was the son of the Rev. F. Ussher, Vicar of Westbury, Bucks. He had seen service in the West Indies, South African War (medal, with clasp), and in India. Capt. Sir John Edward Fowler was the third Baronet, and unmarried. The title passes to his brother, Lieut. Alan Arthur Fowler, of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

who was born in 1887. Col. Francis William Luard was the son of the Rev. B. Luard, Rector of Birch, Essex. Lieut. W. A. Leland, 10th Bedfordshire Regiment, attached to the 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, was the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Leland, of 5, Kensington Court, W. Lieut. Edmund Lionel Frost was the son of Dr. Edmund Frost, of Eastbourne. He was a first-rate all-round sportsman and a fine soldier. 2nd Lieut. William Robert Charles Paul Lee was the third and youngest son of Mr. Daniel William Lee, barrister-at-law, and Mrs. Lee, of 110, Victoria Street, S.W. His two brothers are both on active service.

ITALY'S WAR WITH AUSTRIA: SCENES AT THE FRONT—ARTILLERY, RELIGION, ROYAL VISITORS, AND PRISONERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1, 2, AND 7 BY BROCHEREL.



ARTILLERY WHICH HAS PROVED SUPERIOR TO THE AUSTRIAN: AN ITALIAN 305-MM. GUN, WITH "CATERPILLAR" WHEELS, AND COVERED WITH TARPULIN.



SCENES OF PEACE AND OF WAR IN CLOSE PROXIMITY ON THE ISONZO FRONT: AN ITALIAN HEAVY 305-MM. GUN BESIDE A HERD OF CATTLE.



"ITE: MISSA EST": THE CONCLUSION OF AN OPEN-AIR MASS FOR ITALIAN TROOPS, CELEBRATED AT AN ALTAR OF TURF.



SOME OF THE TWENTY THOUSAND CAPTURED BY THE ITALIANS.



ITALIANS IN THE COURSE OF THE WAR: AUSTRIAN PRISONERS INTERROGATED.



RELIGION IN THE ITALIAN ARMY: TROOPS PARADED FOR A CELEBRATION OF MASS IN THE OPEN AIR—WITH ITALIAN FLAGS OVER THE ALTAR.



PRINCE NAPOLEON (IN GENERAL'S UNIFORM) VISITING THE ITALIAN FRONT: WATCHING FIELD-ARTILLERY FIRE.



ITALY'S GALLANT KING AT THE FRONT: HIS MAJESTY KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III.



(STANDING WITH HIS BACK TO THE GATES) AND THE COUNT OF TURIN AT HEADQUARTERS.



WELL PROTECTED BY SAND-BAGS: AN ITALIAN HEAVY GUN IN ITS EMPLACEMENT.

The Italians recently gained a fine success over the Austrians at the Carso Plateau on the Isonzo front. An Austrian attack in force was thrown back, and ended, according to an official report, in a "veritable rout of the enemy," of whom 1500 (including 76 officers), it is said, were taken prisoners. An Italian *communiqué* issued in Rome on the 24th stated: "From an Army Order found on an Austrian officer, who was taken prisoner, it appears that the attack repulsed by us on July 22, already mentioned in yesterday's *communiqué*, was of the nature of a general action with the object of repulsing our left wing and dislodging us from this side of the Isonzo. The attack was directed by several Generals, among them Generals Boog, Schreitter, and Prince Schwarzenberg, and was made by units which had been previously used against us, but especially by troops just arrived on the field of battle."

This success on the Carso is reported to have been due to a concentration of 500 Italian guns. The Italian artillery—both field-guns and howitzers—has, it is said, established its superiority to that of the enemy. A recent message from Udine said that the total number of Austrian prisoners who had passed through that town since the beginning of the war was 20,753.—The King of Italy has been indefatigable in encouraging his soldiers by his presence at the front, regardless of his personal safety.—Prince Napoleon, who was born in Paris in 1862, married Princess Clémentine of Belgium in 1910. Their wedding took place at Moncalieri, near Turin. His sister, Princess Laetitia, is the widow of the late Duke of Aosta, to whom she was married at Turin in 1888. Prince Napoleon has also one brother, Prince Louis Napoleon.



SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A DOCTOR RECEIVING THE SIGNS OF HIS DEGREE.



LEARNING LINES IN A CATHEDRAL: STUDENTS IN SCHOOL (13th CENTURY).

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE NECESSITY FOR HOLIDAYS.

AT this time of year, when Parliament adjourns and the Law Courts rise for the Long Vacation, most people are asking themselves whether they shall or shall not take their annual holiday. Last year the war came upon us so suddenly that a good many of us had to cancel our arrangements and remain in town, while others had to hurry back from a holiday already begun. Not without trouble did those who were in the health or pleasure resorts of neutral or friendly countries return to us; while those who found themselves at German "cures" did not, in many cases, return at all. This year, however, the problem is less complicated. Visits to places in German or Austrian territory are obviously out of the question. Italy and Southern France, although, luckily, not exactly within the war zone, are subject to the drawback that the movement of troops makes the railway and postal communications with this country uncertain and liable to interruption. Norway can only be reached by crossing the North Sea, at the risk of shipwreck by mine or submarine. Switzerland is as difficult of access as Germany itself. For the great majority, the annual holiday will have to be taken within these isles or not at all.

This is no great hardship, for, if health is what we seek, there are as many "cures" in Great Britain as on the Continent, and they are quite as efficacious. For the gouty, Buxton, Harrogate, Llandrindod Wells, Bath, and Strathpeffer offer a sufficient variety of choice. For the phthisical, the Highlands of Scotland and the Lake Country afford the bracing air that the lung-sufferer has been accustomed to look for at Davos or the Engadine. For those who merely want rest and change of air, with a playground for the children, our long sea-coast, from the gentle breezes of Devon and Cornwall to the severer and more refreshing winds of Margate, will give them all they want. And this is without taking into account the many delightful pleasure places to be found inland, such as Tunbridge Wells, with Crowborough within easy reach, and the always fresh New Forest.

The question is, therefore, not so much where we should go to, but whether we should go at all. On the one hand, there is the necessity for economy which the war—albeit but slowly—is surely bringing home to each one of us. Even for a bachelor, the saving that can be effected by cutting off the annual

holiday is considerable; while, in the case of the father of a family with limited means, it might save him from further pinching for several months. But against this is to be set the



WHERE OFFICERS WHO HAVE LOST LIMBS IN THE WAR GO DURING CONVALESCENCE: DOVER HOUSE, ROEHAMPTON—THE GROUNDS FROM THE GARDEN ENTRANCE.

Roehampton House and Dover House, Roehampton, have been arranged as two of Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospitals for Sailors and Soldiers who have lost limbs in the war. They are fitted with artificial limbs under skilled advice, and taught to use them. Roehampton House was obtained for the purpose through the kindness of its owner, Mr. E. Kenneth Wilson. It accommodates 200, and temporary wards for 75 more are being built. Dover House, lent by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, for the use of officers, has room for about 25. Both houses have beautiful grounds. An exhibition of artificial limbs was recently arranged at Roehampton House.



A CONVALESCENT HOME FOR SAILORS AND SOLDIERS WHO HAVE LOST LIMBS IN THE WAR: ROEHAMPTON HOUSE—THE ROSE GARDEN.

question of health, and its corollary—the possibility of earning money. Everyone knows that the brain becomes jaded by ten or eleven months' continual work, that the quickness to seize an opportunity for profit becomes impaired, and that right decisions in cases of doubt are at once slower and more difficult to come at. Difficulties which look like mountains to a brain unrefreshed become reduced to their proper proportion of molehills after a few weeks in which the same brain has been allowed to lie fallow.

The fact is that all these symptoms of what the advertisements call "brain-fag" are but Nature's way of warning us that the flow of blood to the brain is not as free as it ought to be. Anæmia of the brain—which, contrary to the general belief, is quite as common among children as with adults—is the mother of nervous irritability, of indecision, and of indisposition to concentrate the mind upon anything, quite as much as of dyspepsia and of other more easily recognised physical symptoms.

As to its causes, while they are many and various, there is none among them more likely to pass unnoticed than the eye-strain which is inseparable from the case of the brain-worker who is, like most of his kidney, condemned to a sedentary occupation. For this eye-strain there is no remedy so effective or so rapid as more or less complete rest from reading and writing for a few weeks, coupled with moderate physical exercise and plenty of sleep.

As to other things, the change of air to be found in a short visit to the seaside or some other pleasure resort, and the alteration in diet following the increased appetite thus gained, will all tend to bring about an improvement in the digestive powers, and will thus increase the flow of pure blood to the brain. If he is careful to avoid excess alike in food, sleep, and exercise, there can be no doubt that the brain-worker will, after a few weeks' holiday, return to his desk with his brain clearer, his nervous system restored, and himself in every respect fitter to bear any strain that may be put upon him. Such benefits are in the great majority of cases cheaply purchased at the cost of some pecuniary sacrifice, and, in the times which seem to be coming upon us, may even be of material benefit to the nation. Wherefore it would seem that the annual holiday should not this year be given up.

F. L.

"IT IS MY PLACE": THE KING OF ITALY AT THE FRONT.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS PRICE, OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST IN ITALY



A SURPRISE VISIT TO HIS TROOPS: KING VICTOR EMMANUEL SALUTED BY ALPINI ON THE ROAD TO PONTEBBA.

The King of Italy is essentially a fighter. Many stories bear witness to this. Here is one, given by Reuter: "The King crossed the Isonzo on a pontoon-bridge, south of Monte Nero. After sunset an officer of the General Staff came up to his Majesty, saying that an attack of the enemy was expected during the night, and it would be unsafe to remain on the left bank of the river. The King promptly replied: 'If this point is dangerous for my soldiers, it is my place,' and remained there the whole night, passing

from position to position, encouraging the troops with words and example." It is not too much to say, indeed, that his Majesty is ubiquitous at the front: his car is seen everywhere; and it is evident that he will not return until, as he himself has said, "Italy's aspirations have been realised and her flag flies over Italia Irredenta." His Majesty, by the way, is a Corporal in the 1st Battalion of the 3rd Zouaves, of the French Army, a rank to which his grandfather was appointed in 1859.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

GUNS, CAPTURED AND UNCAPTURED: IN EAST AND WEST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND ST. STEPHEN'S BUREAU.



A PRACTICAL MEANS OF INSPIRING ENTHUSIASM: CAPTURED GERMAN CANNON BEING PARADED PAST RUSSIAN TROOPS.



WEAPONS WITH WHOSE AID THE GRAND DUKE HAS BEEN FIGHTING FOR WARSAW: A RUSSIAN HOWITZER BATTERY.



A RUSSIAN INFANTRY CORPS' TROPHIES: GERMAN MACHINE-GUNS TAKEN BY THE FONOGORIJSKI REGIMENT.



KNOWN TO AND DISLIKED BY OUR MEN IN THE TRENCHES: ONE OF THE GERMAN "DICKE BERTHA" MINENWERFER.



SO NERVE-SHATTERING THAT IT IS FIRED BY ELECTRICITY FROM SOME WAY OFF: AN AUSTRIAN SIEGE-HOWITZER PHOTOGRAPHED IN ACTION.

No approximate estimate of the number of battle-trophies in the shape of captured Austrian and German cannon has been published by the Russian War Office, but it is known that the figures are very large. Great parks of trophy artillery, it has been stated, are on exhibition to the public at Moscow, Kieff, Petrograd, and elsewhere, and are being constantly added to. We see in our first illustration some of the prize-artillery being paraded past Russian troops, while the trophies are on the way by road from the front to the interior.—In the third photograph men of the Fonogorijski Regiment are seen with two captured German machine-guns mounted on the German

Army-pattern tripod stands. Every Russian regiment, in addition to its number, bears the name of some city, province, or river of the Empire.—The big German *Minenwerfer*, or trench-mortar, shown in the fourth illustration is one of the largest-sized turned out by Krupps. By reason of its podgy dimensions, pieces of the pattern are familiarly called by the soldiery "Dicke Berthas," in reference to Frau Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach.—The air-concussion set up by the discharge of the big-calibred Austrian siege-howitzers is stated to have such a trying effect on the nerves of the artillery detachments that at every round the men are retired to some little distance.

Disordered Digestion

How it can be restored by suitable food.

Good health largely depends upon having a sound digestion. In the treatment of digestive disorders it is recognized that a prime factor is the adoption of a suitable diet. In such cases, the best food is one which, while presenting the requisite complete food constituents in acceptable form, does not place too great a tax on the impaired digestion, and yet provides for the stimulation and strengthening of the weakened digestive powers.

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FOR

Invalids, Dyspeptics and the Aged

The 'Allenburys' Diet embodies the required essentials in supreme degree. It is a preparation of pure, rich, full-cream milk and whole wheat, manufactured with scrupulous care by a special process, during which the ingredients are partially pre-digested. Easy of assimilation it ensures complete nutrition where digestion is at fault and rapidly restores the impoverished system. The 'Allenburys' Diet is of exceptional value in relieving the *Insomnia* and other undesirable effects that result from gastric derangement. Taken last thing at night it soothes the nerves and promotes quiet refreshing sleep and digestive rest. The 'Allenburys' Diet is used in the leading *Hospitals and Nursing Homes*, and is of the greatest value for feeding our *Wounded and Invalid Soldiers and Sailors*. It is quite distinct from the well-known 'Allenburys' Foods for Infants, and has for long enjoyed the recommendation of the *Medical Profession*.

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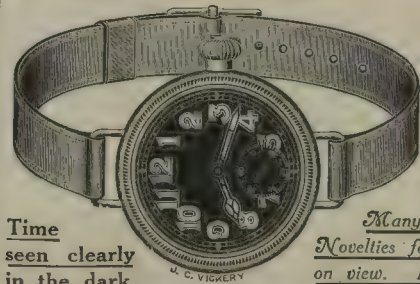


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THE KING AND MUNITIONS; A GREAT RODIN; THE DRUM-HEAD SERVICE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE KING AMONG MUNITION-WORKERS AND WOUNDED: HIS MAJESTY TALKING TO WOUNDED FROM HIGHBURY HOSPITAL DURING HIS VISIT TO THE MIDLANDS.



UNWRAPPED WITHOUT CEREMONY, OWING TO THE GREAT WAR: RODIN'S "BURGHERS OF CALAIS" IN THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS.



AT AN ALTAR OF DRUMS: THE BISHOP OF LONDON HOLDING A SERVICE FOR THE CITY OF LONDON TERRITORIALS, ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S.

It was a surprise "tour" which the King made last week to Coventry and Birmingham; but his Majesty contrived to crowd quite a number of visits to local munition works into his stay, as well as to see the 1st Southern General Hospital at Bournbrook. The occasion was, by his Majesty's wish, treated as purely private, and he saw the work of munition-making in active operation. The King said that he "greatly appreciated the evident zeal and cheerfulness with which the hands were working," and that he was confident that "there would be but one certain result—victory."—Many months since the site for Rodin's group of rugged workers, which has been aptly described as "the epic of the sacrifice of the humble," was chosen, but only this week it was unveiled, without ceremonial of any kind, in the Victoria Embankment Gardens, close to the

House of Lords. The dignified austerity of the work, its vigorous yet pathetic presentation of the sacrifice of the humble, lend it peculiar significance at the moment, while fine conception and execution make it a treasure for which the National Art Collections Fund is to be sincerely thanked.—Impressive, inspiring, the great gathering of troops representing the City of London Territorials, their procession from Trafalgar Square to St. Paul's, with Dr. Winnington Ingram, Bishop of London, at their head, has no parallel in the story of the capital. The Bishop took for his theme "The Soul of a Nation," and asked: "Can we admit that the soul of the nation which won Agincourt, which flung back the Armada, which withstood for many years the armies of Napoleon, is not as great as the soul of other nations?"

Save Every Child's Life

The 'Mellin's Food Method'



'At this moment of supreme National trial the preservation of infant life is of increased importance' (Mr Walter Long, on June 10, to a deputation of the Woman's Co-operative Union)

'Children have been dying in London alone at the rate of 300 a week in excess of the number dying during the corresponding weeks of last year, and the Official Returns prove that the increase is general throughout the country' ('The Times,' June 6)

THE alarming increase of infantile mortality and the paramount national need of saving *every* new life make the question of infant-rearing a more vital one than ever.

The 'Mellin's Food Method' should be the sheet anchor of all those who have the care of hand-fed infants; for the 'Mellin's Food Method' makes usable and beneficial *fresh cow's milk*, which has been proved again and again to be preferable to sterilized or dried milk.

The vital elements found *only* in *fresh* milk are all retained when Mellin's Food is used, but the *character* of the milk is so modified that the complete Mellin's Diet is acceptable to—and digestible by—even a new-born child. And the diet itself is instantly adaptable to the exact requirements of any child of any age or condition.

FAR SUPERIOR

"I find," writes a well-known Doctor, "that Mellin's Food, made up with fresh cow's milk, is far superior to foods made with water only." Mellin's Food, properly prepared, is the nearest known equivalent to mother's milk.

A WARNING

As to the superiority of fresh milk over sterilized or dried milk, Sir Thomas Barlow has stated that "certain maladies were introduced by sterilisation. It was well known that children fed upon sterilized milk developed scurvy and rickets."

TESTIMONY

And this kind of message is received daily: "We were afraid our boy would never be reared, but we tried Mellin's Food and rapid improvement took place, and, at six months, he is a fine, healthy child." — J. May, Balham, S.W. (Original on file.)

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Simply post your name and address to the address below and you will receive free a generous sample of Mellin's Food, together with a valuable, interesting, and authoritative book for mothers, entitled "How to Feed the Baby." Here are a few of the contents:

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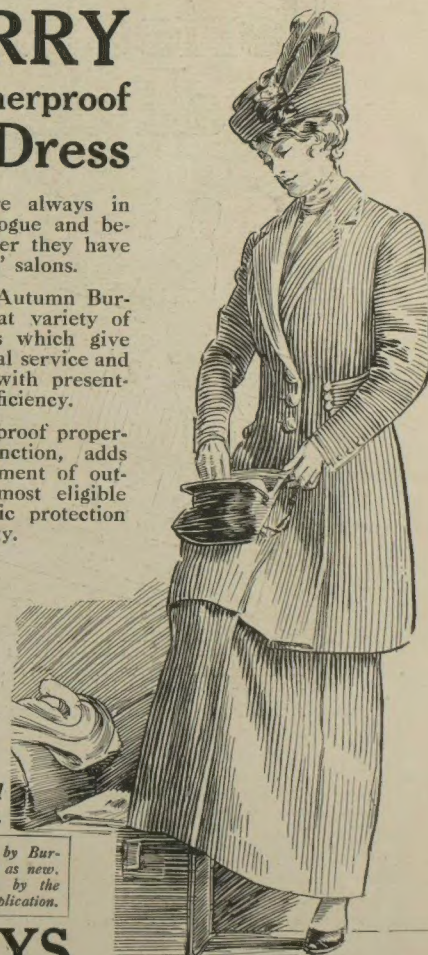
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Brooklands Anniversary. It is very unfortunate that the urgency of other affairs did not permit any notice being taken of the eighth anniversary of the first motor-race meeting (which occurred

best aggregate performance by a competitor on any one machine, and entries close at noon on Aug. 2, of which forms and particulars can be obtained from F. M. C. Houghton, 25th Divisional Cyclist Company, Aldershot, and T. W. Loughborough, the Auto-Cycle Union, Pall Mall, London, S.W., the joint Hon. Secs.

away from the main road drive straight on for another 500 yards, and then turn to the right at a combined pillar-box and finger-post marked "To Headley." This road leads up a hill, near the top of which there is a fork. By taking the left-hand road here, one arrives at the entrance to Woodcote Park in a few yards, as the Club's sign "To the Golf-Course," is in full view. Then there is a drive through the grounds to the club-house of about 800 yards.

Multiple Cylinders.

Looking back on the days of the single and two-cylinder-engined cars seems but a short period, yet, not content with four, six, or eight cylinder machines, the latest news from the U.S.A. relates that already three firms are putting twelve-cylinder-engined cars on that market, so I suppose they will soon be here in England. Like every other improvement in the engineering world, one may go too far with a good thing, and, though a multiple-cylinder engine gives a more even torque, there must be a greater loss in heat (cylinder surface) units, as the bores are smaller, and I should think that the fuel and oil consumption would also be proportionately higher as compared even with six-cylinder, leave alone four-cylinder, ones of the same power.

Woodcote Park. Now so few motorists living near London can take any long holiday, because they are serving their country as policemen, hospital convalescent drivers, ambulance men, when not enrolled as munition workers or in the active service of the Army or Navy, I wonder if they have thought of visiting the Royal Automobile Club's country house at Woodcote Park? Here, near Epsom, are sloping lawns, winding paths through wooded glens, an old-world garden, besides a country house, cosy, comfortable, and equipped with all the resources of civilisation for mankind in its fullest sense, as well as for the "iron

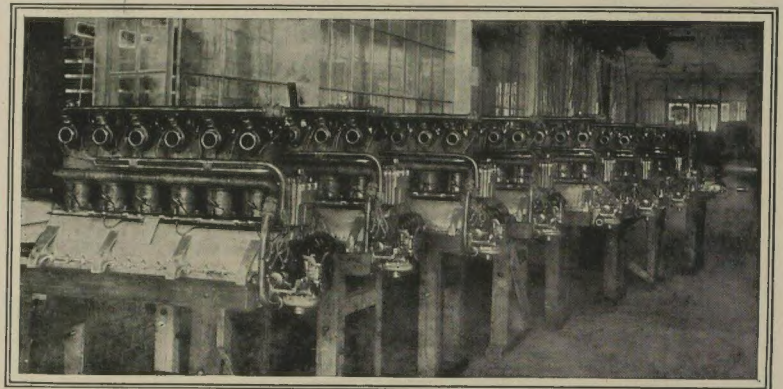


AN INTERESTING GARDEN-PARTY FOR THE WOUNDED:
MR. AND MRS. BERNARD BARON'S GUESTS.

It was a kindly thought which inspired Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Baron with the idea of inviting wounded soldiers, nurses, doctors, and members of the Red Cross service to a garden-party in St. Ann's Well Gardens, Hove, last week, and although only eight hundred were able to attend, three thousand were invited, and to every one who received an invitation, presents of chocolate, or "Black Cat" tobacco and cigarettes, were given. The scene in the gardens was full of colour and animation, and a big party from the hospital for Indians was present. As the guests passed through Brighton they were cordially cheered. Our photograph shows Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Baron receiving the nurses. (Photograph by Scriven, Brighton.)

on July 20, 1907) at the Brooklands track. The inauguration of this speed course has largely helped in the general improvement of the motor-vehicle throughout the world, and in the small high-speed engine of the British motor-manufacturer in particular. Most of us who witnessed the early trial runs of the cars of 1907 on the Weybridge track saw some of them fall to pieces on the course. To-day, the modern racing-car has exceeded 120 miles an hour and stood up. On Saturday, August 7, there is going to be an "All Khaki" motor-cycle race-meeting at Brooklands, open to any member of the British Navy or Army or Allied forces in uniform. Starting at two o'clock with the "Light-Weight Half-Mile Sprint" for motor-cycles fitted with two-stroke engines not exceeding 270 cubic centimetres capacity, racing will continue until after five o'clock, eleven events being on the programme, including a "slow" race and two hill-climbs. The proprietors of the *Motor-Cycle* are presenting a cup for the

horse." The route across Wimbledon Common to Merton, and then straight on to Ewell and Epsom, is as free from troublesome traffic as can be expected in the environs of the Metropolis, as well as being sufficiently countryfied to make the trip enjoyable. Arriving at Epsom, one should drive through the town, past the clock-tower, and turn to the left at the top of the main street into the Leatherhead and Dorking road. This highway should be taken for about 500 yards. Then, bearing

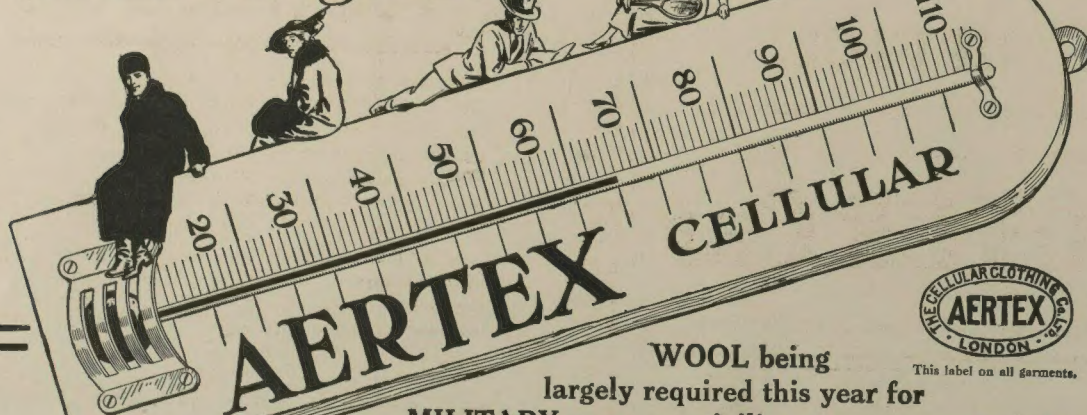


THE HEART OF THE FLYING-MACHINE: AEROPLANE ENGINES AT ARROL-JOHNSTON'S.

As everyone knows, the most vital important part of an aeroplane is its engine. Our photograph gives an idea of the thoroughness with which this urgent work is being carried out in the workshops of British motor-manufacturers, this picture having been taken at the well-known works of the Arrol-Johnston Company, at Dumfries. The thoroughness and ardour with which motor-manufacturers have devoted themselves to war-work are beyond praise.

Freedom from vibration and "bad periods" is claimed by the much-cylindred motor, but the water-cooling arrangements of carburettor and feed-pipes require careful thought and less rule-of-thumb designing than is usual in the common practice of the ordinary four-cylinder car.—W. W.

Perfect Ease at all degrees



WOOL being largely required this year for MILITARY purposes, civilians are recommended to wear Cotton AERTEX CELLULAR Clothing.

AERTEX CELLULAR is cheaper, healthier and more comfortable than wool. It is durable, easily washed, and does not shrink. It is entirely of British manufacture. AERTEX CELLULAR consists of small cells containing air—the best non-conductor of heat. The body thus clothed maintains its normal temperature, being surrounded by a gradual changing layer of air without direct contact with

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CARLISLE. —J. Huthart & Co., Ltd., 5 & 6, Green Market.
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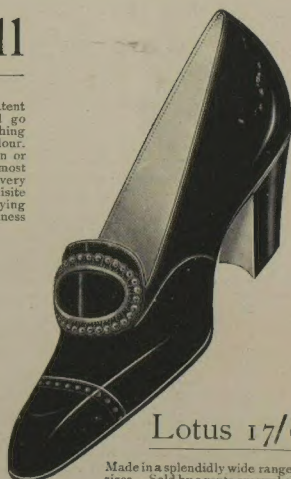
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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

M K RANGASWAMI (Nellore, S. India).—Apply to Chess Amateur, Stroud, Glos., England, for catalogue of Problems, published by A. White.

HEREWARD (Oxford).—It is indeed a great pleasure to receive such a surprise as your letter, marked though it be by the story of your physical trouble. Both problems are marked for insertion.

D CORRETT (St. Xavier's College, Calcutta).—In your proposed solution of No. 3703, after 2. Q to R 7th (ch), what is to prevent K takes R, in reply, with no mate?

A E HARDING (Trincomalee).—You must look again at No. 3702. In reference to your remarks about the game, it is usual to mark which Knight is moved, but the Muzio is so well known that nobody ought to be puzzled in its case.

W MORGAN RICHARDS (Llandaff).—In Problem No. 3703, in answer to 1. Q to R 7th, have you considered the reply, P takes R? The answer in No. 3706 to Black's move of B takes Kt (ch), is 2. R to Kt 4th (dis ch), and mate. Neither of your proposed solutions of No. 3709 is any good.

Y KONTUMIEMI (Rache, Finland).—Thanks, but you could scarcely expect such a position to be sound. Look at this: 1. P to Kt 8th (a Queen, ch), K to K and (if K to B 3rd, then 2. P to Kt 8th becomes Kt, and mates), 2. P to K 8th (a Q, and checks), K to B 7th, 3. Queen from Kt 8th (mates).

E T HAMMERSELEY (Woodside, West Australia).—We are pleased to learn of your interest in the column. Both solutions are perfectly correct.

W A CLARK (Whitby).—Good, as usual, and marked for early insertion.

CHARLES WILLING (Philadelphia).—Thanks for further favours.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3695 and 3696 received from E T Hammersley (Woodside, W. Australia); of No. 3702 from N S Aiyar (Madras), Professor D. M. A. (Rangoon); of No. 3703 from N S Aiyar, Professor D. C. A. M. (Penang), and P F Staunton (Kolar Gold Field, S. India); of No. 3704 from Professor D. C. A. M. and S. Androussor (Jannina, Greece); of No. 3706 from R Tidmarsh (Vernon, B.C.), J Murray (Quebec), and J W Beatty (Toronto); of No. 3707 from W Beatty, R Tidmarsh, and F S B.; of No. 3708 from F S Bailey (East Braintree), H J B Leadlay (Guelph, Canada), M E Onslow (Bournemouth), J W Beatty, J Marshall Bell (Buckhaven), Charles Willing (Philadelphia), and J Isaacson (Liverpool); of No. 3709 from Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), J Daddon (Catford), J Marshall Bell, F Hornbrook (H.M.S. *Leander*), J Isaacson, Camille Genoud (Weston-super-Mare), and J Verrall (Ridmell).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3710 received from J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), J J Dennis (Haslar), E Wallis (Scarborough), H Grasett Baldwin (Harrigate), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), A H Arthur (Bath), R Worries (Canterbury), R C Durell (South Woodford), J Fowler, J Smart, G Wilkinson, and J S Forbes (Brighton).

A GROUP OF HOLIDAY GAMELETS.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. WOLBRECHT and ALDERSON.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. Kt to B 3rd	Kt takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	10. P takes Kt	P to K Kt 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	11. R to K sq (ch)	K to B 2nd
4. Castles	Kt takes P	12. Q takes Q P	
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	(ch)	K to Kt 2nd
6. Kt takes P	B to Q 2nd	13. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd
7. Kt takes B P	K takes Kt	14. R takes B (ch)	Kt takes R
8. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to K 3rd		White mates in five moves.

Game played at the St. Louis Chess Club, between Messrs. CARTER and KOERPER, and awarded special brilliancy prize.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	12. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q 5th
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	13. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
3. B to Q 3rd	P takes P	14. B takes Kt	P takes B
4. B takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	15. B to Kt 5 (ch)	K to B sq
5. B to Q 3rd	P to Q B 4th	16. Q to R 5th	Q to K B 5th
6. Kt to K B 3rd	P takes P	17. P to K Kt 3rd	R to K Kt sq
7. Kt takes P	B to B 4th	18. B to K 2nd	R takes P (ch)
8. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	19. P takes R	Q takes P (mate)
9. B to Kt 5th	B to Kt 2nd		
10. Castles	P to K R 3rd		
11. B to R 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd		

White adopted an obscure variation of the French which he did not handle well.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. HERBERT JACOBS and BRYAN HARLEY.

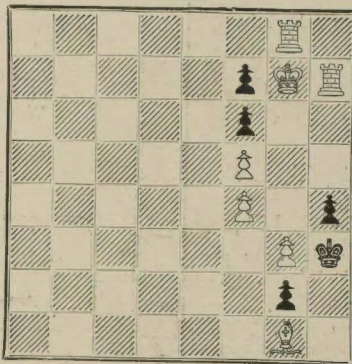
(Van't Kruijs Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 3rd	P to Q 4th	7. B to K 2nd	Kt to K 5th
2. P to K B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	8. P to Kt 5 (ch)	Resigns.
3. P to Q Kt 3rd	B to B 4th		
4. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q B 4th		
5. B to Kt 2nd	P to K 3rd		
6. Kt to R 4th	B to Kt 5th		

One of the curious oversights from which not even the greatest master is always free. The end comes with tragic unexpectedness.

PROBLEM No. 3711.—BY HEREWARD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3708.—BY R. C. DURELL.

WHITE	BLACK
1. B to B 4th	K to Q 5th
2. Q to Q 5th (ch)	K to K 6th
3. B to Q 2nd (mate).	

If Black play 1. K takes P, 2. Q to Q 5th (ch); if 1. B takes B, 2. R to K 3rd (ch); if 1. Any other, 2. Q to Q 5th (ch), etc.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"PETER IBBETSON." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

IN these days of small efforts in the theatre Mr. J. N. Raphael's dramatisation of "Peter Ibbetson" is something of an achievement. It only just misses by a little being that sort of play which we want, that little representing the difference between the story which you accept at once because it explains itself and the story as to which you put the fatal question, "Now, what is the meaning of that?" With all his skill, Mr. Raphael falls into the mistake so many adapters commit of taking a knowledge of the original novel for granted. Still, his first act, with its crowded mid-Victorian drawing-room—in which the costumes, the talk, the sentimentality, the music, and dances of our grandparents are carefully reproduced—proved so delightful as a picture of manners, and the dream scenes are so charmingly materialised—thanks in large part to Mme. Clara Butt's fine voice—that the fact that the murder part of the novel and the prison episodes had an appearance of being artificial and crude was not of such material consequence as might be imagined. A gorgeous cast interpreted the piece at the special matinee given at His Majesty's in aid of the Allies' Base Hospital. George du Maurier himself would have rejoiced in the performance of Mr. Ainley as the malign Colonel Ibbetson, so well did the struts and airs of vanity he assumed match his tight-cut clothes, his side-whiskers, his moustache of the period; and if Mr. Ainley was perfect, so too was Mr. Owen Nares as the avenging nephew, with his air of youth and his sincerity in moments of passion. The company also included Miss Constance Collier as the Duchess, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Kyrie Bellew, and Mr. H. R. Hignett. All did so well as to suggest that, if the players at the matinee could only be retained in their parts, there might well be the chance of a run for "Peter Ibbetson."

THE INDEPENDENT WAR-PLAYERS, AT THE KINGSWAY.

The Independent War-Players, who have been organised by Mr. J. T. Grein, are prepared to go to any camp or hospital at which troops of the Allies are located with the object of providing them with amusement. They consist of two companies, French and English; and the English troupe began a week's trial season at the Kingsway last Monday prior to starting on their admirable mission. Their *pièce de résistance* is Mr. Carton's bright comedy, "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," the story of which, it will be remembered, turns on the notion of a Peeress who has discovered her drunken reprobate of a husband acting as a cook at a vicarage, and turning everybody there round her fingers until her identity is discovered. Mr. Grein can be congratulated on having recruited a very efficient cast. In Miss Compton's old rôle of the lady-cook, Miss Lilian Talbot shows phlegm and easy confidence without copying her original. There is a pleasing *ingénue*, Miss Mabel Knowles, to pair off with the curate of Mr. James Geldard. And if the Vicar of Mr. Arthur Ewart is a little too farcical, and the cavalry Captain of Mr. Terence O'Brien might emulate advantageously in a Hawtrey part more of Mr. Hawtrey's quiet methods in comedy—they both of them work hard to amuse; and a better "Mr. Crayll" could not be wished for than Mr. J. R. La Fane.

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